

Sharp Rawhides

Story: Sharp Rawhides

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Summary: Oneshot Omega, the fenrir, remembers the history of his pack, as he plays with his beloved, shiny stick. An exploration on the history of Weyward, the Kikuichimonji, and the Adeptian race.

***Chapter 1*: Sharp Rawhides**

Title: Sharp Rawhides

Chapter: 1/1

Author: Dragona 2007

Email: Please check my profile or leave an email address for me to respond to in your review.

Summary: (Oneshot) Omega, the fenrir, remembers the history of his pack, as he plays with his beloved, shiny stick. An exploration on the history of Weyward, the Kikuichimonji, and the Adeptian race.

Fandom: Golden Sun and Golden Sun: the Last Age

Spoilers: None

Rating: K

Pairing(s): None

Disclaimer: I don't own the copyrights to either Golden Sun Game, even if I have a copy of each game. Author's notes: I've been playing around with the thought of something like this, as so very few fics in the GS fandom actually focus on the past history that Weyward could have had. I also happen to find writing in the POV of an animal fascinating, as you literally have to strip your thought processes of human rationality.

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Sharp Rawhides

By Dragona 2007

The fenrir that called himself Omega was happily chewing on one of the shiny toys that his pack had owned for years. He would be the one to finally break the silver stick in half, no matter how much he bled for it. Then he would become pack leader and name himself Alpha. His friend, White, the

ice gargoyle would be his witness. Omega growled with resolve and started to chew harder than ever before, managing to roll onto his back. Today, his toy wasn't biting back so hard, or perhaps he'd just gotten used to the taste of his bitter lifeblood. In any case, he was enjoying his playtime, his watch to his pack.

His pack was unlike many of the animals of the land. They remembered their past, as it flowed through their very lifeblood. Even before the purple rain, they had the ability to change the water that granted their race life. The ability had been gifted to their pack by the ice mages that they had lived with, for saving their princess from a maunder. Decades and generations were spent with the ice mages, a pack of two legged creatures that cared only to heal sickness, and the fenrir clan gave it's loyalty to the ice mages, in thanks for aiding them in the use of their gifted powers, as the world remained in balance.

Then the One Power was created, and the land was brought to war. The pack wars of the mages was started by the docile earth mages, whom attacked the air wielders, due to a misunderstanding. The water pack refused to fight outright, but requested the fenrir pack to permit the air mages to lead them into battle. The fenrir pack agreed, and so they braved mountains, pastures and deserts, until the air mages and fenrir pack reached a tower of sand and stone that literally dripped of earth power. They entered the tower through a secret entrance that had been tunneled by the earth mages.

The battle had been long and fierce, as fenrir fought and killed earth mages and fire mages alike. The air mages and fenrir were slain just as much by the mages of flame and stone. Blood stained the walls and tainted the air, and the battle was only ended when the land decided to take away the powers that it had granted to it's children. Still though,

the battle raged on, until none of the two legged creatures were alive. The great and mighty fenrir clan had been reduced to a level that it had never seen before. Even worse, their clan could not escape the tower of sand.

Over time, their clan had given birth to more fenrir and had begun to change, to adapt. While they still craved and needed water, they could live in the dry, desert like tower, with little worry for the survival of clan and pack. Even the blood had faded from the air and walls, and the only remains of the battle that changed everything was the sharp sticks that had been used by the air mages. Now the sticks were used to determine pack order.

Suddenly, a new scent started getting stronger, so much stronger that it jolted Omega aware. Someone was trespassing on his packs home, and it was his job to kill them. He rose in a commanding fashion, as he felt the hairs stand up on his back. He growled an order to attack the intruders to White, as three two legged males, two with hay colored hair and another with the color of fire. The girl, who had hair the shade of blue that the ice mages of so long ago, caused him to pause. That pause was the death of him, and as he gave into the darkness Omega mourned the fact that he wouldn't be able to play with his shiny stick anymore.

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Ivan studied the blade, feeling the power that it still held. He would keep this blade, even if he had no clue who had last used it in combat. He hurried to catch up to his friends, already not liking the Venus Lighthouse.

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Here it is!! My first posted new fic, since the round of reposting that I'd been planning for over 3 years had

started. Please R & R!!

Dragona 2007